SPIRITUAL FOG

"I WISH you wouldn't let a rainy day spoil your happiness, Mary," said Mrs. Benton to her daughter. "You're in for a great deal of trouble in life if you don't get over this habit."

"It's easy to preach," said Mary, "but if the rain had spoiled a picnic for *you*, you wouldn't be quite so philosophical about it!"

"Mary," said her mother gently, "do you remember how ridiculous you thought it was when Baby George cried so yesterday when he broke that five-cent whistle of his?"

"Why, yes," replied Mary, "but what has that to do with my disappointment?"

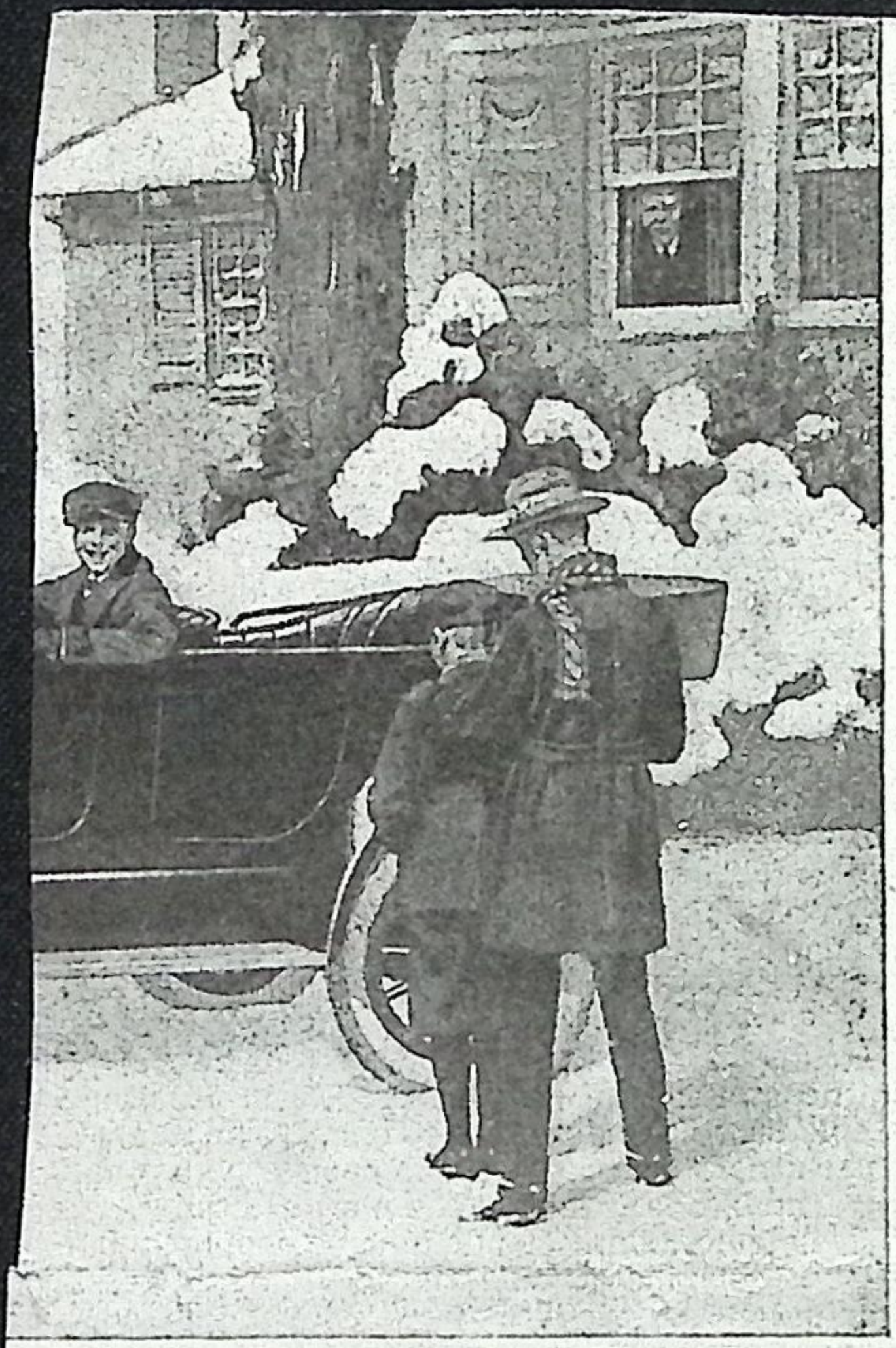
"It has a great deal to do with it. You laughed at him because you were enough older than he to see that the broken whistle wasn't a vital thing. The trouble was, his whole being was concentrated on the whistle. He had everything to live for, if he could only have seen it; but he could not see it, and so his happiness was wrecked."

"But I don't see what you're driving at yet," interrupted Mary.

"It is this, Mary: George and his whistle are typical of life. We are continually repeating his tragedy. As we walk along the street how many downcast faces we encounter! What are these people brooding over? Ten to one, it's an affair of a five-cent whistle. There has been a petty quarrel, a snub, a failure to get some little thing, and the whole horizon is clouded. Some people plunge from one incident like that into another until their spiritual climate is like that of Newfoundland, a perpetual fog. The sun is shining, they have sight and hearing, they have the use of their limbs, they live in a free country, but they have broken their whistle, and they can't get beyond that. Don't you see how ridiculous it is?"

"Yes; but how can a person get over it?" asked Mary.

"It's a question of perspective, my dear," replied her mother. "If you let a whistle fill your horizon, then of course you'll be wretched when your whistle is broken. Your interests must be so large that a whistle can't wreck them. They tell of Anaxarchus that when he was being beaten to death he said, 'Beat on at the *case* of Anaxarchus; no stroke falls on Anaxarchus himself.' He must have had the larger perspective. Life is everywhere and always what we put into it."



Dad Gave Me"

They reduce upkeep costs by protecting car and motor from shock and wear